THE AMOUR OF CYTHEREA: A POEM.

Dedicated to the FAIR-SEX.

WITH THE

DREAM, COMPOSITION,

And a *Little Epiſtle* to a *Little Lady*,

All MONOSYLABLES.

Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori.

Virgil.

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DEC 23

TO THE FAIREST PART OF THE CREATION.

Britiſh LADIES!

THE following Verſes being deſign'd chiefly for your Entertainment, to whom can I more properly addreſs them; or from whom more fitly ſeek the Favour of a needful Protection?

IT was a Cuſtom, amongſt the Antients to return in Sacrifice the choiceſt Part of the Bounties they enjoy'd, to thoſe Gods, or Goddeſſes, to whoſe Benevolence they were imagin'd to be chiefly owing.

LADIES,

DEDICATION.

LADIES,

YOUR peculiar Charms are the more certain Diſpenſers of ev'ry meretorious Grace in the Souls of Men; exalt our Parts, refine our Manners, and infuſe the Principles of every generous Accompliſhment!

YOU are our *Venus*'s, and this our Iſle more illuſtrious by You, than the celebrated Abode of the *Cyprian* Goddeſs!

BE pleas'd, therefore, with the gentle Condeſcention, and affable Softneſs, eminently inherent in You, to receive this Offering, with which I preſume to lay my ſelf at your Feet; ſeeking no fairer Crown for my Endeavours, or hoping no greater Glory or Felicity, than of being allow'd

LADIES,

Your moſt humble and obedient
Servant and Admirer,

ALEXIS.

TO

TO THE
Dubious Author
OF THE
Following PIECES.

IF with an earneſt and induſtrious Mind,
You've labour'd real Excellence to find;
If boldly vent'ring in unpractis'd Ways,
You've fairly aim'd at meritorious Praiſe;
Explor'd the Springs of pureſt Eloquence,
And ſearch'd the choiceſt Treaſuries of Senſe:
Tho' long obſtructed, why ſhould you deſpair,
That well-diſcerning Time will crown your Care?
All Things, that Nature ever do's produce,
Have for their Qualities ſome deſtin'd Uſe;

How-

To the Dubious Author, &c.

However long neglected or unknown,
Discov'ring Men at last their Virtues own:
Pure Gold that lurks beneath the burning Line;
Bright Gems that vail their Beauties in the Mine;
Fair Pearls in shelly Cells inclos'd and bred;
And blushing Coral hid in Ocean's Bed;
In Time advanc'd (each from its private Place)
The City and the Court improve and grace;
Monarchs embelish, and defend from Harms;
And to the faireſt FAIR *give more peculiar Charms.*

PHILALETHES.

THE

THE PREFACE.

POETRY is for the moſt Part a delicate Imitation, or Copy of Nature; and thoſe Pieces of it, in which the fineſt Stroaks are found, with the trueſt Reſemblance of its Original, are moſt juſtly and laſtingly admir'd!

CORRECTNESS (or exact Writing) is what very few have ever attain'd; who at the ſame Time have ſhewn any very remarkable real Excellence; I mean that Beauty, Sublimity, Force, and Eaſe, which *Poetry* of all Things, particularly requires; for it claims the very greateſt Genius, Judgement, Knowledge, and Care, in Conjunction, to reconcile theſe well together.

THE chief Cauſe of Incorrectneſs, (or rather Deficience of real and compleat Excellence) in the moſt conſiderable of our *Poets*, has been, as I imagin, from a too partial, and unmanly Fondneſs of their own Wit; and a too great and general Indulgence allow'd them by their Admirers; or poſſibly from a too greedy Deſire of Gain, or a too ſervile Inclination to pleaſe inſignificant Judges: In a word, for want of ſufficient Examination and Care.

WHITHER I have ſucceeded, as to theſe ſmall Attempts, in a Point ſo nice, ſo difficult, and ſelf-reſiſting as this, I dare not ſay, but muſt leave to the truly Impartial and Judicious.

BUT indeed (what ever ſome may imagine) I cannot but conceive *Poetry* to be at preſent, and ever to have been as yet, under too many Diſadvantages amongſt us, to arrive at the moſt conſiderable Compleatneſs; to be even capable of gaining that noble Simplicity, ſo eminently remarkable in the moſt celebrated

lebrated of the Antients; that graceſull, neat, and moſt admirable ſeeming Negligence, where the fineſt Art is conceal'd under the Reſemblance of a familiar Eaſineſs, and is in Reality the higheſt Pitch of human Skill.

THE

Amour of Cytherea:

THE

ARGUMENT.

VENUS *being ſuppoſed to have made an Appointment to meet* Adonis, *in the ſecret Part of a Grove near* Mount Ida; *is very impatient 'till ſhe puts in Execution her Deſign; accordingly ſhe repairs thither; and miſſing him, runs in a wild and frantic Manner in ſearch of him: But perceiving it in vain, returns to the Grove, and being weary'd apply's her ſelf to ſleep: In the mean Time the Spies of* Envy, *being appriz'd of her Intreague, reveal it to* Diana; *who having ſearch'd the* Book of Fate, *to know the Doom of* Adonis, *diſcovers that he is ſhortly to be kill'd by a wild Boar; at which ſhe rejoyces; but determining in the Interim, to give* Venus *what Diſturbance ſhe can, goes to the Houſe of* Sleep, *and procures from thence a Phantom, repreſenting him in that deplorable Condition: This (by* Envy's *ſelf) is convey'd to* Venus, *who immediately ſees him twice in a Dream, wounded and bloody; upon which ſhe wakes in great Affright and Diſorder.*

Soon

The ARGUMENT.

Soon after the Loves *bring him to her; ſhe declares her Concern to him, and intreats him, as much as he can, to avoid all Proſpect of Danger in his Sports; or rather wholly to forſake them, and devote himſelf to her, and her Embraces, as the trueſt and compleateſt Happineſs: This he ſooths her with the Hopes of; but ſoon falſify's his Word, neglects her Advice, and following his Paſtime after his uſual Manner, meets his alotted Deſtiny.*

THE

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DEC

THE AMOUR OF CYTHEREA.

LISTEN ye Fair! to Love's prevailling Sway,
Whom Men and Gods, whom Earth and Heav'n obey!
And of celestial Fairs, oh! fairest thou!
To whose delightful Ordinances, bow
All various Beings, and thy Charms allow!
(Who didst, th' *Idalian* Prize obtaining, thence
The Queen of Beauty, as of Love commence)
Soft *Cytherea!* thy Indulgence bring,
To grace my Verse, while thy Amour I sing.

Near

Near where fam'd *Ida* ſeems to pierce the Skies,
A ſecret Place, ſcreen'd in a Valley lies;
By Nature faſhion'd for obſcure Delight,
Cloſe and Sedate, and ſeems excluded quite,
From ev'ry Mortal's and Immortal's Sight;
This ſhady Place no raging Heat cou'd find,
But that which rages in a Lover's Mind;
With Store of Graſs the level Earth is ſpread,
And ſprinkled Flow'rs compoſe a fragrant Bed;
Cloſe by a chryſtal Current murmuring goes,
As if it ſelf endur'd a Lover's Woes;
Turtles around their Loves revealing ſeem,
And mix their Cooings with the purling Stream.

Venus, (while of *Adonis* unpoſſeſs'd)
Was in her high celeſtial Seat unbleſs'd!
Heaven's Court ſhe therefore left, (oppreſs'd with Cares)
And to this more inviting Place repairs;

Here

Here now ſhe ſeeks, her Hearts ſupream Delight,
The Youth who muſt each tender Care requite,
But, ah! no Youth appears to pleaſe her Sight:
Th' appointed Time was paſs'd, its utmoſt Heat
The Sun now darts from its Meridian Seat;
Yet ſtill *Adonis* with an eager Pace,
Heedleſs of Inconvenience, holds the Chace,
Thoughtleſs of Danger, or her kind Embrace.

But ſhe (in whom nothing o'er Love preſides,
That in her Breaſt eſſentially abides)
Thence ſwiftly ſprings, compell'd by her Deſires,
Stops ev'ry Nymph, of ev'ry Swain enquires,
Some Tidings of the ling'ring Boy to know;
And where, and how employ'd? And why ſo ſlow?
Her Voice, her Eyes, and eager Steps declare
The fierce Impatience of the heavenly Fair!
So bounds the wounded Deer along the Plains,
Seeking Redreſs; while in its Side remains,
Fatally fixt, the Cauſe of all its Pains.

To ev'ry Hill, that far extends the Sight,
The raging Goddeſs takes her ranging Flight;
In frantic Mode, her looſe diſhevel'd Hair,
Toſs'd by the Winds; without becoming Care
Her Limbs expos'd, and ev'ry Beauty bare:
Her Charms ſhe thinks it needleſs now to prize,
Thoſe Charms, that her *Adonis* can deſpiſe;
And in whoſe Search ſhe reſolutely arms
Her Heart, againſt all accidental Harms:

As thro' the real Patriot's inward Cares,
A Nation multitudes of Bleſſings ſhares;
So where ſad *Venus* thus moleſted flies,
Comfort and Joy abundantly ariſe:
The Woods, the Hills, the Plains, her Preſence cheers,
All, by her Charms reviv'd, more gay appears;
Incircling Pleaſures wait, where-e'er ſhe goes,
And ev'ry Thing a raviſh'd Aſpect ſhows;

Her

Her ſelf alone is with Concern poſſeſs'd,
And rude Diſorder ravages her Breaſt.

Th' impatient Goddeſs, wandring here and there,
In fruitleſs Search, a while employs her Care;
After ſome Time, oppreſs'd with Toil and Heat,
Repairs again to her commodious Seat;
Hoping that Sleep wou'd eaſe her lab'ring Mind,
And yeild (to her impetuous Wiſhes kind)
Perchance, ſome faint Idea of the Joy,
So vainly ſought from the regardleſs Boy!

Now to refeſhing Reſt, ſhe's calmly laid,
In the Receſs of the moſt ſecret Shade;
Pleas'd Earth its faireſt Gifts profuſely ſtrows,
And new-ſprung Flow'rs their trembling Heads diſcloſe;

Around her Limbs their blooming Sweets dif-
play,
Yet pine with ſecret Envy, to ſurvey
What ſeems ſo far more beautiful than they!
To ev'ry Part the Breezes ſoftly ſteal,
Firſt viſit, then triumphantly reveal;
And ev'ry luſcious Grace unvail'd, they bring
Freſh Glories to the Day! and Odours to the
Spring!
The circling Trees, at the diſcover'd Sight,
All ſhake their leafy Limbs, and tremble with
Delight;
The River ſtands in Tranſport and Amaze!
Checking the Current of his Flood to gaze;
On ev'ry Part do's all enamour'd ſeem,
And graſps its Image in his joyful Stream;
Each languiſhing and ſoft-complaining Dove,
Whoſe Boſom ever was the Seat of Love,
Now rends its Breaſt with ſtrong excurſive Moan,
And bears an Ardour, but till now unknown!

Her

Her mighty Charms, all, but *Adonis* fire;
Whole Nature ſees with Wonder and Deſire!

A Crowd of little Loves around her wait,
In ſilent, ſolemn, and obſequious State;
Some guard her ſleeping with the tend'reſt Care,
The Reſt, to ſeek the lovely Youth prepare.

Thus *Venus* from the wild and wandring Boy,
Or real, or imaginary Joy,
With ardent Mind endeavours to procure;
Whoſe Solace no Diſturbance ſhou'd endure:
But ah! what Circumſpection can delude
Cloſe *Envy?* Or her jealous Spies exclude?
Too prompt! the ſlight Contrivances to find,
Of Love, too ſimple! too ſecurely blind!
A ſubtle Crew, about the Fury lurk,
All like her ſelf, and fitted for her Work;
To her Injunctions moſt obedient ſtill,
And ever ready at her Call and Will:

Each

Each is a watchful and miſchievous Spright,
That makes Vexation its ſupreme Delight;
For this, with conſtant Diligence they pry,
And ev'ry where in Ambuſcade they lye:
Theſe ſlily lurking, this Appointment know,
Revealing all to *Love*'s ſevereſt Foe.

Diana, thus maliciouſly adviſ'd,
And now aſſur'd of what ſhe had ſurmiſ'd,
With Fury burns; and with deſigning Hate,
Had ſearch'd the Volumn of eternal Fate.
(For th' Aims, and Acts of Men, and Gods, are ſtill
Curb'd, and controul'd, by Fate's determin'd Will!
Inevitable its Decrees! and here
They all moſt truly regiſter'd appear)
The brazen Leaves all Mortals Dooms contain,
Which variouſly engraven here remain;

Small

Small Characters each happy Doom expreſs;
Which human Malice (as it can) makes leſs:
A ſanguin Dye, and ſullen Black declare
Th' Impros'prous; Golden all the Pros'prous are;
So deeply writ, that neither Force nor Skill,
Can quite erace them, both the Good and Ill:
Slow Care, Reproof, and ſage Advice are by;
And all the Bad t'aboliſh vainly try.

Here for the Hunter's Doom, the Goddeſs prys
With dire Intention, and her Hands and Eyes,
With Heed, yet Expedition moving, here
The Stripling's Lot engraven do's appear
In ſanguin Hue ——
That *quickly on the Plain,*
By a ſtern Boar Adonis *ſhould be ſlain.*

At this in Irony ſhe ſaid, " Careſs
" Thy Youth, fond *Venus!* thy Delight poſſeſs;
" And

" And since the Laws of Fate, the Courtesy
" Of long Continuance, to thy Joys deny,
" Some Help from me that Failing shall supply.

Then——(while vexatious Deeds her Mind projects)
To *Sleep*'s grave Mansion she her Course directs;
A Combination with the Furies makes,
And *Envy*'s self, for her Associate takes!

From Storms, from Thunder's Roar, from rude Alarms,
And from the clatt'ring Din of martial Arms,
Ever secure; where Rumour never spreads
Its motly Tales, nor Factions raise their Heads;
But where Forgetfulness, with Silence dwell's;
By solitary Groves, and lonely Cells,
The *Dome* of *Sleep* is plac'd, in solemn State;
Near Death's dark Seat, and never-closing Gate;

The

The *Dome* it ſelf a ſpacious Vault, each Room
In Black apparrel'd, ſeems a diſmal Tomb;
About its Eves, in Winter's Seaſon, lies
The Cuckow, thither wrathful Progne flies;
With Reſt and Peace, during that Seaſon, fills
Her Breaſt, unmindful of preceeding Ills.

Far, far within, upon a Downy-bed,
The God ſupinely ſlumb'ring reſts his Head;
Around him ſwarming play fantaſtic Dreams,
As thick as Motes that dance in the Sun's gaudy Beams:

The Door, well barr'd, admits no triffling Gueſt,
That might the ſullen Deity moleſt;
Elſe, all whom Wo, Diſeaſe, or Pain torment,
Wou'd ruſhing enter to procure Content.

Yet at the *Goddeſs*'s Approach, the Door,
Unfaſten'd, ſounds like Thunder's diſtant Roar;
Morpheus is ſtartled, and his op'ning Eyes,
With ſudden Speed, each golden Slumber flies!
She then in ſubtile ſoothing Words expreſs'd
Her Aim; and thus the ſacred Drone addreſs'd.

" I come not hither to diſturb thy Reign,
" Oh! gentle Sleep! or break thy eaſy Chain;
" But for Revenge on the pernicious Foes
" Of ſacred Continence, and bleſt Repoſe;
" Such as affronting us conſume their Time,
" And all whoſe Deeds are one continu'd Crime!
" Lovers I mean, whom (as they ever are
" Thus bent) why ſhou'd we condeſcend to
" ſpare?
" Do not th' Improſprous ſigh the Night away?
" And Proſp'rous waſt it in laſcivious Play?

" Both,

" Both, as they are rebellious ſtill to me,
" Are ſtill repugnant to thy Laws and thee!
" Grant me a Boon. — He, dozing in his Bed,
Cou'd ſcarce attend to half of what ſhe ſaid;
And half of what he heard, ſcarce underſtood;
Yet as it ſeem'd determin'd for his Good,
To Light and her, he rais'd his trembling Eyes,
And thus, in fault'ring Words, obligingly replys.

" Of all, chaſt Goddeſs of the Woods — par-
" take —
" I hold — thy Uſe of my Poſ — ſeſ — ions
" make —
" My All is thine — This ſaid, to ſoft Repoſe
He ſunk: The Goddeſs then a Fantom choſe,
Fram'd like *Adonis* in that diſmal State,
To which he quickly muſt be doom'd by Fate;
This ghaſtly Thing (the Charge of *Envy* made)
Muſt be to *Venus* inſtantly convey'd.

With eager Expedition flies the Fiend,
Sooth'd with the Miſchief that ſhe do's intend;
Which moderates her inward Pains a while,
And in her grizly Viſage forms a Smile;
(For all the Comfort reſtleſs *Envy* knows,
From others Diſcontent and Anguiſh grows)
Her chief Familiars ſummon'd, on ſhe ſpeeds,
And with her each, in equal Pace, proceeds:
Diſturbance, Damage, Loſs, Repentance, Care,
And murm'ring Woe, her chief Companions are;
Each Place with Anguiſh her Approaches fill,
And from her Limbs infectious Dews diſtill;
Where-e'er ſhe comes, ſad Nature ſick'ning pines,
And all her Beauty and her Bloom declines;
Her very Looks the Face of Things deform,
And diſcompoſe them like a ruffling Storm!
Compos'd and joyful, whenſoe'er ſhe's fled,
Each raiſes up again its drooping Head!

Her

Her Courſe is furious, yet ſhe checks her Pace,
As now approaching to th' appointed Place;
Now ſoftly to th' *Idalian* Bow'r ſhe goes,
Where even now *Love's* Goddeſs courts Repoſe;
Here ſhe with Secrecy her Freight unlades,
Then ſeeks, with head-long Haſt, th' infernal Shades!
Terror and Guilt ſoon drive the Fiend away;
But with the Fantom, her Familiars ſtay!
As caſting off its aged Skin, the Snake
With Vigour ruſhes thro' the thorny Brake;
Or as a Ship, when to the Flood reſign'd,
Is launch'd; and leave's its Scaffolding behind;
Thus *Envy*, ruſhing to the Shades again,
Leaves here, behind, her whole ſurrounding Train.

And now delicious Sleep, with ſweet Surpriſe
Approaching *Venus*, ſhuts her radiant Eyes,
Yet quits, by ſudden Starts her anxious Breaſt,
With terrible ill-boading Dreams oppreſs'd:

No ſooner ſlumber'd the celeſtial *Dame*,
(Her Thoughts continual Theam) *Adonis* came,
But how ſurpriſing! how unlike the ſame!
His ſtupid Eyes, diſtorted, grimly ſtare;
His Looks were ghaſtly! ſtiff his matted Hair!
His Limbs were all with Dirt beſmear'd around,
And Floods of boiling Gore guſh'd from a grizly Wound!
From's Lips Words broken and imperfect fell;
Some mournful Tale he ſtamm'ring ſeem'd to tell;
He ſigh'd, and bid eternally farewell.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Goddeſs vaſt Endeavours made,
To graſp the yet belov'd, tho' diſmal Shade;
The tantalizing Shade refus'd the Grace,
And flying with her Sleep, deluded her Embrace.

O'er

O'er all the gloomy Grove with Care she pry'd,
But when no true *Adonis* she descry'd;
Again to tempting Sleep her self resign'd,
Again the ghastly *Vision* haunts her Mind;
Again with Blood and Dirt defil'd appears;
The dismal long Farewell again she hears.
Then rising puts the horrid Dreams to flight,
And frees her from th' intollerable Sight;
But oh! the dire Impression's still behind,
And with distracting Fears torments her Mind,
(As grievous Cares the indulgent Mother seize,)
Who, from her Arms, Security, and Ease;
The choicest Solace of her Life, for Gain,
(Her only Son) had ventur'd on the Main;
When told by Fame that th' Ocean's spacious Womb
Is made the hapless Youth's untimely Tomb;

This

This Sight to *Venus* ſuch Concern procures,
Such ſad Surpriſe her wav'ring Mind endures.

But now the *Loves* (by ranging all around)
Had, thro' their Diligence, *Adonis* found;
And having found him thus, no Time they waſte,
But bring him to her with officious Haſte.

On her ſupreme Felicity ſhe flies,
As ſwift as Lightning flaſhing from the Skies,
Or as the Glances of her brighter Eyes:
Her circling Arms upon his Neck ſhe throws,
And Kiſſes, that Arithmetic might poſe,
(As choice as num'rous) on his Lips beſtows:
Then did, with careful Looks, the Youth explore
In ev'ry Part, and view'd him o'er and o'er;
Her Fancy had ſo deep Impreſſion made,
She ſcarce a-while believ'd, what ſhe ſurvey'd!

But

But when the Center of her Joys ſhe found
Beautious as ever, and ſecure from Wound;
Her Mind more undiſturb'd, ſhe Silence broke,
And Sighing, thus the tempting Goddeſs ſpoke;
While at her Accents all things hush'd appear!
And *Echo*'s ſelf ſeems in Suſpence to hear!

" Forbear, too heedleſs Youth! at length
" forbear,
" Nor War with Beaſts perpetually declare;
" Thy *Venus* do's in all the Danger ſhare:
" Or if thy Mind does ſtill with ſtrong Deſire,
" The ſprightly Paſtime of the Chace require;
" Let needful Caution be at leaſt employ'd,
" And ev'ry furious Beaſt of Prey avoid:
" Never (tho' arm'd) the foaming Boar engage,
" And oh! with Terror ſhun the roaring Lyon's
" Rage;
" The lurking Leopard's Ambuſcade beware,
" Nor on his March affront the ſurly Bear:

" With utmoſt Caution, in thy Ranges, be
" From ſuch as theſe, *Adonis!* ever free,
" And ſave thy ſelf, and all my Joy with thee!
" But circumvent; or elſe, in ſwift Career,
" Purſue the Fox, the Hare, or bounding Deer:
" Mix Safety ever with thy Sports; be wiſe,
" And ev'ry Place, where Danger may ariſe,
" Avoid; for oh! a Dream foreboading Ill,
" Do's all my Soul with wond'rous Horror fill;
" Some mighty Miſchief ah! too near us, ſhows,
" And ſeems to threaten with unuſual Woes:
" What Apprehenſions hence my Peace deſtroy?
" And in thy very Preſence blaſt my Joy!
" How will they then, while thou art hence, ſur-
" priſe?
" Oh! What a Store of jealous Fears will riſe?
" Oh! What Miſtruſt will conſtantly impart
" Exceſſive Anguiſh to my aking Heart?
" All needful Caution, then, *Adonis!* take,
" As well for mine, as for thy own dear ſake;

" Oh!

" Oh! do not this ſo fit Requeſt refuſe;
" Nor ſlight the Counſel that thy Good purſues.
" Thro' Courage, never ſelf-deluded be,
" Nor vainly think thy ſelf ſecure thro' me;
" On my unfailing Love thou may'ſt depend,
" Yet oh! I cannot from all Harms defend;
" We may not, (tho' all Oriſons we hear)
" To ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd be always near;
" For tho' divine, dependant Pow'r we hold
" From Fate; by that, as Men by us controul'd:
" But uſe what Nature's Clemency provides,
" And Reaſon and Diſcretion be thy Guides;
" To 'ſcape th' Intention of thy Fate, or Foes,
" More Truſt in theſe, than even me, repoſe!
" Yet rather, bleſs'd, and moſt ſecure to live,
" To Love, alone, all all thy Moments give;
" I covet not, with *Juno*, boundleſs Reign,
" Nor ſtrive, with *Pallas*, on the fatal Plain,
" Such Triumphs, ſuch dire Victories to gain:

" Nor with *Diana*, (to the Chace inclin'd)
" Do's thy affected Sport delight my Mind;
" Love, Love alone does all my Thoughts em-
" ploy,
" Which yields the trueſt and ſublimeſt Joy!
" Of all Diverſions this alone is mine,
" And let it only deareſt Youth! be thine;
" Let's bid to ev'ry vainer Thing adieu,
" You only bleſs'd in me, and I in you!
" And then, leaſt what our choſen State beſtows,
" By frequent Repetition languid grows;
" Inventive Love ſuch Methods ſhall deviſe,
" Our Caſe ſhall ſuch Variety compriſe,
" (Variety! that ever do's invite;
" The Source and Eſſence of ſupream Delight!)
" Not all th' Enjoyments Earth and Heav'n can
" give,
" Shall match what we will mutually receive!
" We'll

" We'll raiſe our Bliſs to ſuch a high Degree,
" E'en *Jove* may wiſh he might thy Rival be!
" And, what thou art conceiving, envy thee!
" Nay more ——
" —— (That thou no Benefit may'ſt looſe,
" If this Propoſal thou wilt freely chuſe;)
" The Quinteſſence of raviſhing Delight
" To frame, all taſtful Pleaſures I'll unite;
" What Men and Gods with greedy Joy de-
" vour,
" I'll crowd into the Space of one luxurious Hour!
" This choice Epitome of Bliſs and Time
" (Without Repentance, and without a Crime)
" If thou wilt prove but abſolutely mine,
" This Inſtant, and intirely ſhall be thine;
" Here, and this very Hour, thou ſhalt, my Boy!
" All Heav'n! and all Eternity enjoy!

Exceſſive Paſſion, riſing here, affords
No farther Room for her engaging Words;

Here

Here therefore ceaſing her Diſcourſe, ſhe preſs'd
His Hand; and with her Looks eſſay'd the reſt.

He thus again, —— "Goddeſs! of Human-
"kind
"The moſt ungrateful, reprobate, or blind,
"I juſtly ever might be ſtil'd; ſhou'd I
"Thoſe Looks, or theſe perſwaſive Words
"deny!
"Oh! gen'rous Goddeſs! how ſhall I declare
"My equal Senſe of thy indulgent Care?
"Pardon, oh! pardon all my paſt Neglect;
"Henceforth converted into full Reſpect!
"Henceforth, from e'vry mean Diverſion free,
"My ſole Delight is ever fixt in thee!
"Divineſt *Venus*! in thy only Arms,
"I'll ſhun the Force of all impending Harms!
"Thoſe Arms can all invading Ills repell;
"Dare Ills approach, where Bleſſings only dwell?

"From

" From thoſe (for which Gods wou'd for ever
" change
" Their Heav'n) hereafter if I chuſe to range,
" If hence I prove neglectful, or untrue,
" May what you fear, as my Reward, enſue;
" I'll Fate's ſevereſt Vengeance —— for 'tis
" due!

With Eyes half-clos'd, and languiſhing (this
ſaid)
He gently on her Boſom lean'd his Head,
Then claſp'd her Neck —— What here we muſt
conceal,
Let the Judicious to themſelves reveal.

If mortal Beauty, yielding, can beſtow
The moſt tranſporting Happineſs we know;
What cannot Love's and Beauty's Empreſs do?
Provok'd by fierce Deſire! by Promiſe too!

Raging

Raging to be of all her Wish poſſeſs'd!
And fix th' uncertain Wand'rer to her Breaſt!

Yet, not whatever ſome poſſeſſing find,
Nor moſt endearing Blandiſhments, can bind
The head-ſtrong Sallies of a roving Mind!
Still in his Thoughts the wild Infection reigns,
Freedom he loves more than celeſtial Chains;
Not can the faireſt Charmer of the Skies,
With all her Fondneſs, his Deſire ſuffice!
Who do's, with unſucceſsful Aim, unite
The whole exerted Powers of Beauty and Delight!
Soon, ſoon the Youth again the Chace purſues,
And heedleſs in the Woods his Haunts renews;
By his capricious Fancy fiercely ſway'd,
Breaks the firm Promiſe he ſo lately made;
The dreadful Imprecation too ſubjoin'd,
Alike neglects, and caſts it to the Wind!

Soon,

Soon, ſoon abandons her protecting Arms,
Slighting her Counſel, and immortal Charms;
Rejects th' Enjoyments of his bliſsful State,
(Perverſly blind!) and ruſhes on his Fate.

THE

DREAM.

——— *Qui amant ipſi ſua Somnia fingunt.*

Virg.

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M. DCC. XXIV.

THE

DRAM.

THE DREAM.

WITHIN a Grove (the Muſes calm Retreat,
The Graces and the Loves delicious Seat)
One ſult'ry Day I laid me on the Ground,
When the luxurious Year, in Plenty crown'd,
With beauteous Bounties entertain'd the Sight,
And chear'd the Spirits with infus'd Delight.
To favour the Retirement, where I choſe
To take my ſecret and ſedate Repoſe,
Ingenious Nature had her Skill diſplay'd,
And far excelling Art, a Paradiſe had made!

To

To moderate the Heat, a rising Breeze
Now skim'd the Grass, and rustled thro' the
Trees;
From th' azure and celestial Firmament,
The Sun its undiminish'd Lustre sent,
And to th' enammel'd Meads new Beauty lent.

These choice and manifold Delights reveal'd,
In pleasing Sleep my yeilding Senses seal'd;
When lo! Imagination sweetly play'd,
And to my Mind this lovely Scene convey'd;
For tho' so plain th' Occurrences did seem
As real, yet 'twas surely but a Dream.

Still in the Grove I fancy'd I repos'd,
But swiftly-passing Time the Day had clos'd;
All Things, I thought, were now to Rest retir'd,
The whisp'ring Winds, that seem'd almost expir'd,
Now languishingly breath'd; the limpid Springs
In gentle Echoes rais'd their Murmurings;

A pleasing Horror hover'd o'er the Plain,
Tranquility had unmolested Reign;
Ev'n Thought seem'd ceas'd, and ev'ry mortal Breast
Of anxious Trouble wholy dispossess'd,
But that of the nocturnal *Philomel*,
Whose Strains did her melodious Sorrow tell;
And her melodious Sorrow as she sung,
With ev'ry doubled Note the sounding Vallies rung.

The Skies were all unblemish'd and serene,
The golden Lamp of Love's auspicious Queen
Appear'd; and *Cynthia* now in silver Light,
With her full Orb magnificently bright.

When lo! the lovely Object of my Flame,
And Empress of my Soul, (*Astrea*) came;
With all the Lustre of her Charms aray'd,
Th' attending Graces all around her play'd:

Love's

Love's Queen her ſelf, with ſuch victorious Eyes,
In *Ida*'s Grove won the diſputed Prize,
Was o'er her Rivals there triumphing ſeen,
With ſuch a Countenance, Shape, Air, and Mien!
Awful, yet eaſy! tho' majeſtic, gay!
Tho' ripe as *Auguſt*, freſh as blooming *May*!
She ſeem'd to much Benevolence inclin'd!
As ever beauteous, but by far more kind;
With ſmiling Looks, her ſoft Approach ſhe made,
And in ſweet Accents thus the Viſion ſaid.

" *Alexis*! eaſe thy anxious Mind, nor more
" Behold me now obdurate as before;
" Since our free Converſe is by Day deny'd,
" Suſpicious Niceneſs lo! I've caſt aſide;
" And from inſidious Spies am hither run:
" What for thy Sake I've reſolutely done,
" Miſconſtrue not, nor my Deſign miſtake;
" Much haſt thou ſuffer'd for *Aſtrea*'s Sake,
" 'Tis fit that I ſome Compenſation make;

" There-

" Therefore againſt all menacing Diſgrace,
" I've boldly ventur'd——at this Time——and
" Place——
" Thy manifeſted Love's my Guard; in this
" Aſſur'd, thou wilt not——canſt not——what's
" amiſs——
" Thou know'ſt——Here ceaſing, ſhe declin'd her
Head,
And a Vermillion Hue her Cheeks o're-ſpread:
The brighteſt Morn do's ſuch a Bluſh diſplay,
In gracious Promiſe of a brighter Day!
Her Eyes declar'd her whole ſincere Intent,
And told what her imperfect Language meant.

At this vaſt Favour, raviſh'd and amaz'd!
A while I on the courteous Charmer gaz'd;
I wou'd have riſen, but my vaſt Surpriſe,
Depriv'd me wholy of the Pow'r to 'riſe;
To tell my grateful Senſe, I ſtrove to break
My ſhameful Silence, but I cou'd not ſpeak:

Thro' ſuch inchanting Looks, and Words ſo kind,
What Colds and Heats did all my Limbs, my Mind,
What ſweet diverſify'd Confuſion find?
My Nerves unbrac'd, I ſhook in ev'ry Part,
My Breath grew ſhort, thick beat my panting Heart;
A thrilling Pleaſure ev'ry Member fill'd,
A trick'ling Dew from ev'ry Pore diſtill'd;
My Spirits all diſſolv'd, a while I lay
Intranc'd; and ſeem'd inanimated Clay!
After ſome Time, with recollected Might,
(To graſp this Object of my vaſt Delight)
I fiercely ſtarted from the moſſy Bed,
And with my Sleep the flatt'ring Viſion fled.

ASTREA, or the *Compoſition*.

——————— *prelata Puellis.* Ovid.

RISE gracious Muſe! harmonious Numbers find,
And ſing the choiceſt of her pretious Kind;
The beauteous *Compoſition*, lov'ly Dame,
Who fires my Breaſt, and more than Wealth or Fame
Exerts my Soul, and is my conſtant Aim.
The genuin Bluſhes that her Cheeks adorn,
Were raviſh'd from the Roſe, or crimſon Morn;

The *Persian* Insects lab'ring wrought with Care
The slender silken Threads that form her Hair;
The sprightly Lustre of her peircing Eyes
Was shot from Diamonds, or the spangled Skies;
The branchy Coral left its ozy Bed,
To flush her balmy Lips with purest Red;
Pearls, to compose her Teeth, did crowding come,
Each from its secret Cell in Ocean's Womb;
Arabian Odours did their Stores transfer,
And fled their native Home, to breathe in her:
Her choicest Bloom *Egeria* chose, to grace
The curious Figure of her oval Face;
Minerva, joyn'd with Heaven's imperial Queen,
These reconcil'd, bestow'd her Shape and Mien.
From chearful Spring her Gaiety she took;
From th' Ocean's Surface, when by winds unshook,
The Temper, and Serenenes of her Look;
Where such a Calmness from her even Breast
Proceeds, as when the *Halcyon* frames its Nest.

Sweet

Sweet *Philomel*, as she depar[illegible]
Bequeath'd the Music of her [illegible]
The Down of Swans; and Lillies, or the gay
And fragrant Dress, that cloaths the youthful *May*;
To frame her Skin, did gracefully unite
Their yielding Softness, and unblemish'd White.

The vast cerulean Skies, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Their various Treasures joyn'd to frame my Fair!
Then, in the curious Mould, was fitly plac'd
A Mind as curious, and as choicely grac'd!

A LITTLE EPISTLE To a LITTLE LADY.

All Monosyllables.

BLESS'D Lines! with speed to kiss
her Hands now go,
Bask in the Shine of her bright Eyes;
and oh!
Tell her, my Heart, since void of their kind Heat,
Froze in my Breast, has scarce the Force to beat:

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Tell her, my Sighs, like Storms at Sea, now
rise;
Tell her my Soul's near loſs'd in Doubts; my
Eyes
Shed Floods of Tears; tell that my griev'd
Breaſt
Can, but thro' her, have Joy, or Peace, or Reſt:
Beg her (ſince none but ſhe can cure my Care)
To yield, and prove as kind as ſhe is fair.

FINIS.

Tell her, my Sighs, like Storms at Sea, now
rife;
Tell her my Soul's near lost in Doubts; my
Eyes
Real Floods of Tears; tell that my griev'd
Heart
Can, but thro' her, have Joy, or Peace, or Rest;
Beg her (since she can cure my Care)
To yield, and [illegible] as she is Fair.

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FINIS.